

Vol 18 Complete

Life

July 3
1931

10¢



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Matched
Ensemble, No.
WQ8, are: No.
K74TC Pen, \$9.50;
No. KTSC Pencil, \$4;
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Desk Pen, \$8; No. 80 Desk Stand,
\$10.50 which can be purchased separately,
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Matched
writing
equipment
is the vogue.

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All Sheaffer pens are guaranteed for life and the Sheaffer Lifetime® pen is guaranteed unconditionally for the life of the owner—even though a street car runs over it and the pieces are returned to the factory, a new pen will be sent without question. Distinguish between the ordinary guarantee and that of the genuine Lifetime® pen which is guaranteed against everything except loss. Sheaffer's Lifetime® pens from \$7; Sheaffer's Lifetime® 14-karat solid gold-band Autograph pens with duplicate of your actual signature (serving for identification) from \$12.75. Autograph pencils from \$9. Other Sheaffer pens from \$3.

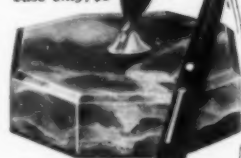
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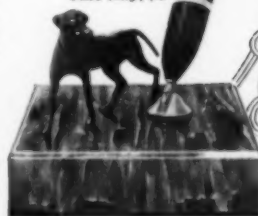
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No. 21H,
base only, \$6



Above prices include desk stands only.
genuine Lifetime® desk pens, from \$7.

Once she was
welcome . . .



-now she isn't invited

Young Mrs. Jenkins enjoyed the weekly bridge parties in her small suburban town. She looked forward to them. Such a nice lot of girls. So merry. So bright. She was fortunate to be "in" with them. Naturally, when they began meeting without her, she felt deeply hurt. She was certain she hadn't said anything that turned them against her. Over and over again, she sought some explanation. Poor Mrs. Jenkins . . . She didn't realize that she had halitosis (unpleasant breath). And, of course, even her best friends would not tell her.



**Listerine's 8 points
of superiority over
other mouth washes:**

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. No damaging effect on tooth structure.
6. Does not attack metal fillings.
7. Heals and soothes tissue.
8. Requires no dilution.

Listerine promptly overcomes odors other mouth washes fail to mask in 4 days

It is curious how some women, extremely fastidious about other things, blithely assume their breath to be beyond reproach. What a mistake! Almost anyone is likely to have halitosis (unpleasant breath) at one time or another. Because every day, even in normal mouths, conditions capable of causing it may arise or are already present.

Ninety-five percent of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles, which the tooth brush has failed to remove from the mouth. By minor infections. By excesses of eating and drinking.

The one way to be sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and therefore inoffensive, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every

night. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine immediately halts fermentation. (Milk to which Listerine has been added keeps fresh 12 days.) Listerine checks infection—kills germs in the fastest time science has been able to measure accurately. Listerine, having thus struck at the cause of odors, overcomes the odors themselves.

After one of the most exhaustive series of tests to determine the deodorizing power of Listerine and certain other antiseptic mouth washes, a noted chemical engineer said:

"Listerine's deodorizing power is simply amazing. In experiment after experiment, it has shown ability to instantly overcome odors that ordinary mouth washes fail to mask in 4 days, and in some cases 9 days. Clearly, Listerine's power in this direction is more immediate and lasting than that of other antiseptics."

Keep Listerine on your dressing table, or in the bathroom cabinet. Always carry it with you when you travel. It is your precaution against infection. Remember that the medical profession looks upon it as the ideal antiseptic because it is non-poisonous, soothing and healing to tissue, and it is really delightful to taste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LAUGH YOURSELF OUT OF THAT GOLFING SLUMP



with "Poodles" Hanneford and other divot hunters of
The Circus Golf Club in The American Golfer—July issue

Turn your bad luck funny-side-out with a long round of chuckles over
the rare golfing humor in the July issue of The American Golfer.

Get the low-down on the higher-ups who have bestowed the new balloon
ball on the golfing public. Royal Cortissoz of the New York *Herald
Tribune*, Innis Brown, and Grantland Rice bring you many illuminating
angles on this subject of so much "19th hole" debate.

Listen in on the advance stories of the Open Championship at Toledo.
Read what Bobby Jones has to say about the job of winning open cham-
pionships, also what old-timers have to tell us about hair-raising shots
which have won other National Opens and about the ghosts of the past
that haunt Inverness in Toledo, Ohio, where the 1931 Open will be played.

Brush up your game with the shrewdest, most practical coaching in
golfing fundamentals that ever found its way into print. The finest
teachers and players in the game explain simply and clearly the ABCs
that cut down your score. Every article is illustrated by action pictures
of master shotmakers, demonstrating just how the trick is turned.

This is only a brief indication of all the good things the July American
Golfer will bring you. Get your copy at the news stand *today!*

July issue
now on sale
25¢

THE AMERICAN GOLFER

EDITORS: GRANTLAND RICE • INNIS BROWN • "BOBBY" JONES • GLENNA COLLETT

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booklet of instruction by famous
golfing experts of America and the
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Life 7-3-31

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Liste



"Make it two."

I Object to the Torture Inflicted on Characters in Magazine Serials!

TO ELUCIDATE—

We'll say you are a character. You are taking part in a serial story in a weekly magazine. A gangster shoots at you. There the instalment ends, presumably with the bullet en route.

And there you stand, until the next issue of the magazine, waiting to learn if the bullet will hit you.

Dodge? No! Dodging is against the rules.

The shot is fired on Thursday. The bullet, as the author makes a period at the conclusion of the instalment, arrives at a point a few inches from your nose. There it hangs, poised.

For the remainder of Thursday you face it. Friday you do the same. During the week end—no change. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday pass. Another Thursday dawns. The bullet resumes its flight and you are unharmed or injured or killed.

It's the torture of waiting to which I object. Seven days staring at a bullet. And suppose the magazine were a monthly?

Throughout the land, at the moment, there are innumerable characters of fiction hanging over cliffs, caught in floods, vulnerable in bridge, unconscious on railroad tracks, dining in tea rooms, dangling wildly from unopened parachutes, proposing matrimony, lost in Africa, asleep in hammocks, struggling against cyclones—all waiting to learn their fate from the August magazines.

LET'S consider some of recent date. There is Booth Tarkington's serial "High Summer" in *The American Magazine*. Mr. Tarkington is justly known as a delightful author and a kindly man. But I quote the conclusion of one of his instalments:

"Kitty looked up slowly; then suddenly, to Mrs. Brendel's dismay, she

began to weep. 'Mother, do you think I'm just an angler?'"

That's all. That's the end. Consider Kitty's plight. Unfortunately she asked her question, with tears in her eyes, at the conclusion of an instalment. She must wait thirty days for an answer. Kitty's mother cannot reply until the next issue of *The American Magazine*.

MARK TWAIN once ended a difficult story by taking the characters, one by one, and throwing them into a well. Doubtless you recall scenes from Dickens and particularly Mr. Quilp's end. A tale from Russia usually reads as though its author cut a finger or severed an artery sharpening his pencil. But nothing compares with the thoughtless torture of characters in serial stories.

Poor Kitty. At random we turn to "The Wrong Wife" by Arthur Som-

ers Roche in *Colliers*, and there we find more cruelty.

Mr. Roche, in concluding an instalment, writes: "'Good lad,' said Carmichael. 'Well, if you do—Cordova, how would you like to be mayor of New York?'"

Carmichael, you see, asks Cordova how he would like to be mayor of New York. He asks Cordova at the end of an instalment on Friday. And Cordova must stand there looking like a dumb yap until the following Friday. Is this nice of the author?

Cordova, no doubt, has his mouth open eager to reply. (Poor Kitty. I keep thinking of Mr. Tarkington's little girl.) Your mouth probably would fly open if you were asked to take Mayor Walker's place. How would you like to keep it open until the next issue of *Collier's*?

But we must leave Cordova. Choosing at random again, we turn the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and find a serial called "Maid in Waiting." The author is John Galsworthy.

Let's see now. At the bottom of page 87 Lord Saxenden's eyes bulge slightly but he is forced to wait until the top of page 88 to say, "You say he's got a scar?" Is this any way to treat a lord—making him skip an oil advertisement and a chewing gum advertisement before he is permitted to say what made his eyes bulge? But the author isn't to blame. It's the printer's lese majesty.

MR. GALSWORTHY, however, commits a worse crime at the end of the instalment. He has there a bride all set for her wedding when, due to the conclusion of the instalment, everything is postponed until the next issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. First thing you know that great magazine will be printing a shotgun edition.

—Tom Sims.



"What! No handkerchiefs? What kind of a cigar store is this anyway?"



MOUNTAIN WIFE: *I don't see why you're so sot agin formal parties—you're a knockout in shoes.*

To Our Mayors

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean".)

Our mayors are over in Europe;
Our mayors are off on a binge.
Each day that we read of their doings,
It gives us a terrible twinge.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
O bring back our mayors from
France, from France!
Bring back, O bring back,
Our mayors while still there's a
chance.

Our mayors drink nothing but water;
They fly from the room in a pet.
Their speeches will get us in trouble;
We'll all be in uniform yet.

(Chorus: Bring back, etc.)

Our mayors consider elections,
And boost our fool laws as they
roam,
They scoff at the customs of nations,
While truckling to voters back home.

(Chorus: Bring back, etc.)

So let's call those boys back from Eu-
rope,
Before all our good will they wreck.
They surely should know now that they
are,
Just a pain in-ter-national neck.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
O bring back our mayors from
France, from France!
Bring back, O bring back,
Our mayors while there's still a
chance.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

That Dangerous Curve

Doctor Piccard, famous balloonist, says that from a height of ten miles the earth resembles a huge dish. We had no idea the depression was so noticeable.

Through Rose-Colored Telescopes

"With the addition of 500 new officers prohibition enforcement is in sight," says an editorial. So is the moon.

Wake Up and Dream

Calvin Coolidge has quit writing his daily article for the papers. The understanding seems to be that he will start again as soon as he thinks of a new one.



"But, daughter, you've only known him fifty years!"

The Tactless Man

There's one in each community,
Who functions with impunity,
And, to his neighbors' wholesome dread,
Blurts out whatever's in his head:
A man whose every speech and act
Betrays a fatal lack of tact.

He'd say to Gandhi, with a smile,
"Take off your things and stay a while,"
Or ask Il Duce something subtler
Like "What's the news from Smedley Butler?"
And with the courtesy that kills,
Call Helen's husband "Mr. Wills."

To couples newly knit in marriage
His present is a baby carriage;
Before he even stopped to think,
He'd offer Wickersham a drink;
And murmur, with a gracious smirk,
"Do you play contract, Mr. Work?"

To me he throws this scrap of praise:
"Keep up your painting much, these days?"
—N. J.

Kicked to the Heights

INTERVIEWER: Did your wife inspire you to do great things?

CELEBRITY: Yes, she was always nagging.

Gyping Egyptians

A stone tablet unearthed recently indicates the instalment payment plan originated in ancient Egypt. If this is true, then somewhere someone must have something that is almost paid for.

No county in Ohio has a greater wealth of young feminine pulchritude than ours, and while beauty is not the main requisite to become a contestant, nevertheless the more a contestant reveals, the better chance she will have of winning the prize.

—Item in the Medina (Ohio) Sentinel.

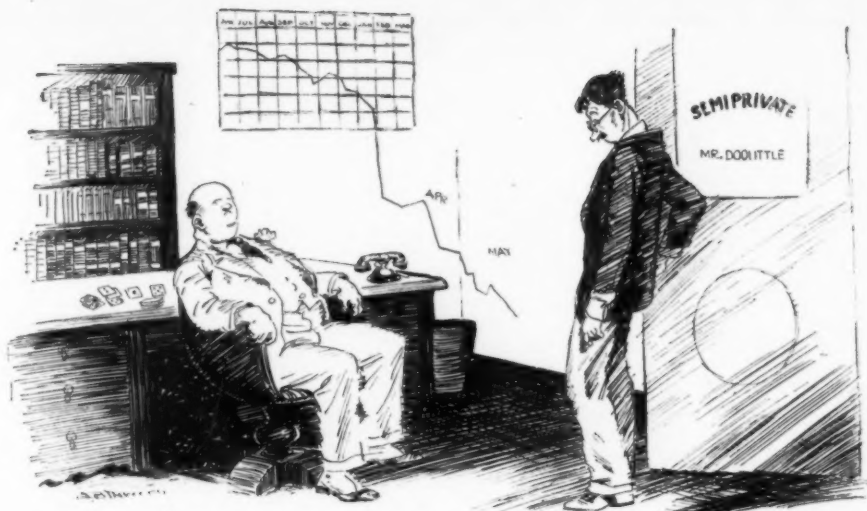
Justice not being so blind as she's cracked up to be.

Handy Obituary Guide for Headline Writers

Deceased	Manner of Death	Remarks
Actor	Great Prompter Rings Down Curtain	Joins Booth
Pugilist	Takes Count of Ten	Fought losing fight
Judge	Answers Summons	Gavel stilled
Thoroughbred	Loses Race With Reaper	In happier pastures
Opera Singer	Rides with Valkyrie	Joins Heavenly Choir
World War veteran	Goes West	Taps sound
Baseball star	Called out on Strikes	Meets Great Umpire
Average Citizen	Croaks	What of it?



A city man crosses a country road.



"We have a new office rule, Jones. Employees are not to talk about the depression."
"On account of the depression, sir?"

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

It was good to see a seaside postmark again. It made me feel like I used to when the thirty-day excursion handbills were hung up in the old railroad station, back in my lock-front collar days. We hadn't had a letter from the shore since the beginning of the psychological condition.

When we saw your letter your mother and I wondered if you had decided to ride out the storm as a hotel hostess or bridge teacher. It didn't occur to us that Wilfrid might have caught on as an assistant manager. If we had stopped to think of it we'd have known he would fit in. I've always thought of an assistant manager in a hotel as a fellow who gets down about two in the afternoon and has always just stepped out of his office, especially when somebody wants credit.

This is the lowest title Wilfrid has had since you married him but when you count your board and his it pays the most money. I notice his full title is Assistant Manager in Charge of Communications. I don't suppose by any chance that could mean mail clerk?

Perhaps your mother and I will slip down a couple of weeks while you are there. Tell Wilfrid not to worry about it; we'll pretend not to know him when he is on duty.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.

Win by That Nose

All men are the same, says I . . .
Counting on each finger . . .
Eager, should you bid them go!
Uneasy, bid them linger!
Stubborn, if they're in the wrong!
Trifling, when you're true!
If you act like that, my dear, I'll
Save my thumb for you!

—E.L.

Food for Thought

"From seven to eight years are required to grow orchids," writes a florist. Why can't we do this with spinach?

SHERIDAN, 5815—HSE.; FRT. DBL. SUITE, pri. bath; fac. pri. bch.; also sgl.; exc. mls.; pri. fam.; rl. hm.; reas.; all trans. Ard. 3927.

—Ad in Chicago Tribune

Al' ri'.



"You haven't been a salesman very long, have you, Mister Harris?"



"Oh the great out-doors—how I love them!"



"My man, did you ever hear of the S. P. C. A.?"

A Cure for the Doorbell Din

By DON HEROLD.

SOMETIMES, at our house, we are unable to answer our front doorbell as quickly as we should, and this must be quite an inconvenience to visiting collegians and other callers. Yesterday we kept a needle salesman waiting ten minutes, and if you multiply ten minutes by the number of calls made per day by this needle salesman, it must amount to a great economic loss to the needle salesman. And if you multiply this loss by all the needle salesmen, you may be getting at one of the causes of the present financial depression in this country. Doorbell delays.

I have spoken to Mrs. Herold seriously several times and told her that she or the maid should hurry to the front door with the pocketbook when it rings, instead of lingering over the dishes or completing a telephone conversation. Sometimes she replies that she has her work to do, and I say "This is *our* work—answering our front doorbell. That's what makes the world go round and keeps the wheels of industry turning." She admits I am right, but a tired, hunted look comes into her eyes.

I have pondered on several solutions. One answer might be to put the kitchen in the front hall so that the front door would open directly into it. We might even arrange a foot lever by which anyone washing dishes could open the front door without stopping to dry her hands (like the lever on the garbage can). Or we might employ a special maid or cashier who would sit at the front door, perhaps behind a sort of box-office window, and buy things.

But I think I now have a really ideal plan. It will save time for salesmen and for "the lady of the house" as well. I am going to rebuild the entire front of our house into a money automat,

where callers can leave their wares and take their money without even ringing the bell. For example, there will be a slot into which leadpencil vendors can slip a pencil and get a dime. Then there will be a section for brush salesmen, with large receptacles for any kinds of brushes they think we need (from chandelier brushes to century-plant brushes) and keys they can press to get their price. A whole division will be devoted to young men working their way through college, with slots into which they can slip a subscription to "Home and Child" or a 50-piece aluminum set, with money waiting, of course. And there will be special buttons for persons who are merely begging, and a big waste-paper box (leading to a compressor and binder in the basement) for bill-passers. If some of our visitors miss the "personal contact" we might have a phonograph record on hand to take down their stories.

The front of our house will look rather mechanical, I am afraid, but this is the only way I can think of at the moment to give good service to our great army of doorbell friends—and leave us, ourselves, inside, any time to wash our faces and do our nails.



"I tell ya you're making a mistake. I ain't a bum. I'm a racketeer!"



Life Looks About

Stars, but also Stripes

ON National Flag Day, so-called (June 14th), Mr. Coolidge made a short address in his frame in *The Herald Tribune*. "We identify the flag," he said, "with almost everything we hold dear on earth. It represents our peace and security, our civil and political liberty, our freedom of religious worship, our family, our friends, our home. We see in it the great multitude of blessings, of rights and privileges, that make up our country."

In a sense we do. It is our national family emblem, but still it does not represent our civilization, the processes of which antedated it by thousands of years. If we move over the Canada line we will get a civilization almost identical with our own and free from some of its defects, but under another flag.

If we identify our flag with the blessings which we enjoy we must also identify it with incidents of our national life which are much less blessed. It stands just now for Prohibition by Constitutional enactment; it stands for greedy and stupid tariffs; for altogether too much government by organized fanatics and in the eyes of Europe at least, and in many eyes in our own country, for untimely solicitude to collect the costs of the War from nations who cannot afford to pay them.

Our flag does indeed stand for great blessings but it also stands for great stupidities. But all flags are like that. It is not really good sense to make fetishes of them, for in the hands of rat-hole patriots they may easily become instruments of intolerable mischief.

Mr. Coolidge had been a good paragrapher. We shall miss him.

A Voice from Paris

DR. MURRAY BUTLER cannot be described as a still, small voice, but at least he is a voice and at times resonant and highly audible. Besides his employment in Columbia University Dr. Butler has a job with the Carnegie Peace Foundation that takes him to Europe every summer. On June 11th in Paris he went to the weekly luncheon of the American Club and talked about the times, and the policies of the United States in relation to them. The world had no plan to meet Russian Communism. He wanted a plan. He dissented from the view that any nation

pay the cost of the Great War. You might just as well make somebody pay the cost of the sunset. For fifteen years we have been children playing with marbles." He thinks that has gone far enough. He would have something done.

ON the same day that Dr. Butler was speaking in Paris, Senator Fess, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, addressed a conference of young Republicans in Washington. "We should be thankful," he said, "that we have at the head of the nation a man who is the embodiment of all that is capable, strong, patient, sympathetic; all that is protective, conservative, purposeful and beneficial. Such is President Hoover."

Well, maybe! But someone was saying the other day—You cannot legislate prosperity.

Neither can you make anybody great and good by pinning adjectives on him.



"Don't let's tell him he's going to be President, dear. Let it come as a sort of surprise to him!"

can provide prosperity for itself without regard to its fellows. Also from the view that the present economic pinch was merely such a depression or recession as we have often had before. He considered the current disturbance comparable to the fall of the Roman Empire, the Renaissance, or political revolutions in England and France, but different from all of them, more powerful than any of them, but like them in being epoch making. So he took the current depression seriously; almost as seriously as those British-Israel brethren who for years have been predicting it as the Great Tribulation. "Face the front," said Dr. Butler, "don't look backwards! We have been trying to find out whether somebody could

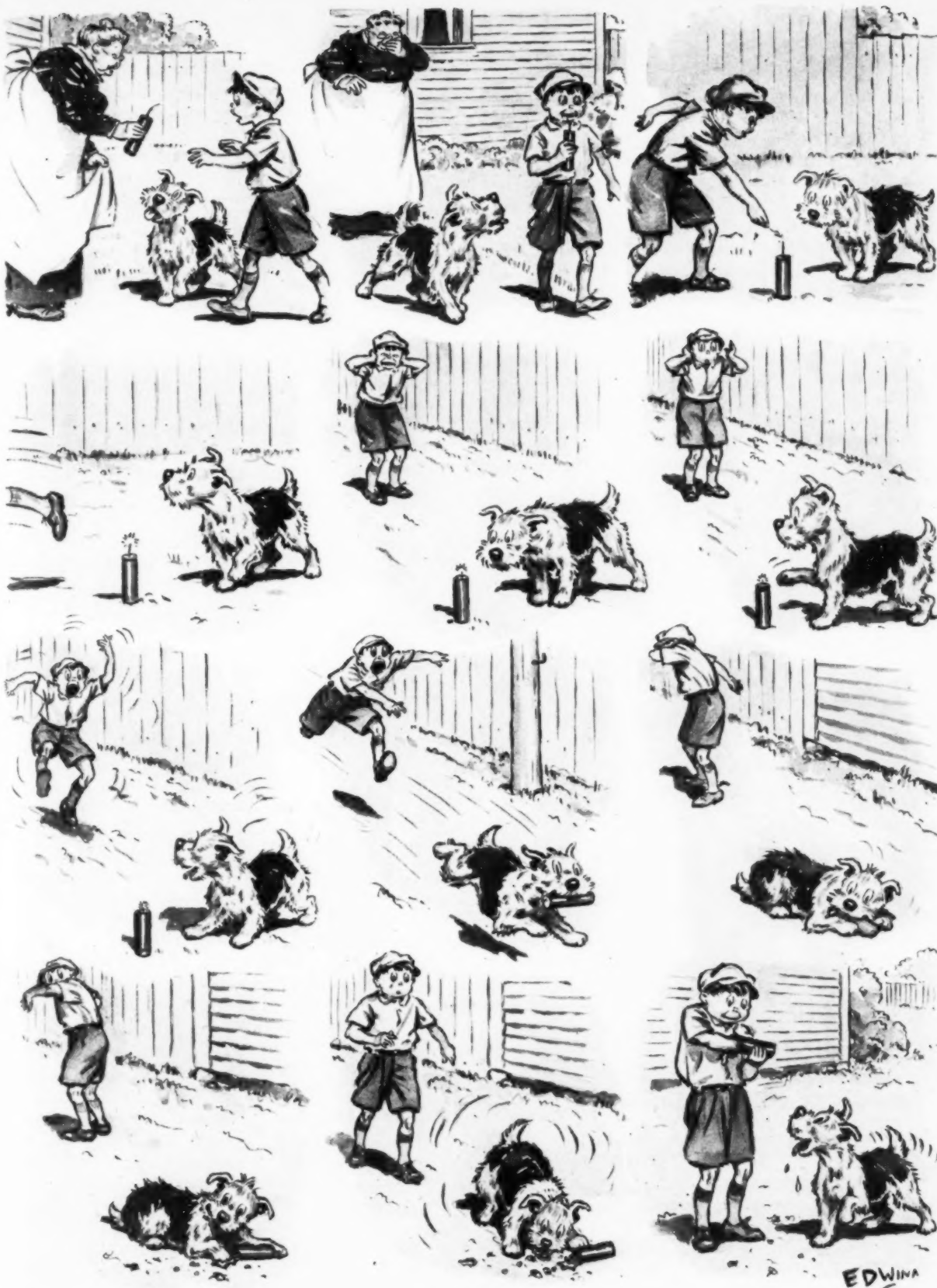
The Meanest Rascal

AN arrest in Boston of a man known as Dr. Harold B. Clarke, of New York, has disclosed the existence of an organization to steal rare books from libraries and sell them. This business, it seems, has been worth about half a million dollars a year. Four booksellers in New York are said to be involved as receivers of stolen books.

This is a very objectionable form of crime. When as many as possible of the rascals engaged in it have been caught, it would be nice to invite them to attend a string-up party in Union Square. If that cannot be, at least long periods of retirement should be provided for them. Their crime is like taking candy from a child or pennies from a blind man. Contemptible, far beyond ordinary!

WHAT about policemen who are killed in the line of duty? Is provision made for their families? It should be. The family of every man killed fighting hold-up men or other violently disorderly persons should at least get what would be coming to the family of a soldier who died in service.

—E. S. Martin.



SINBAD.
Candy Cracker!

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

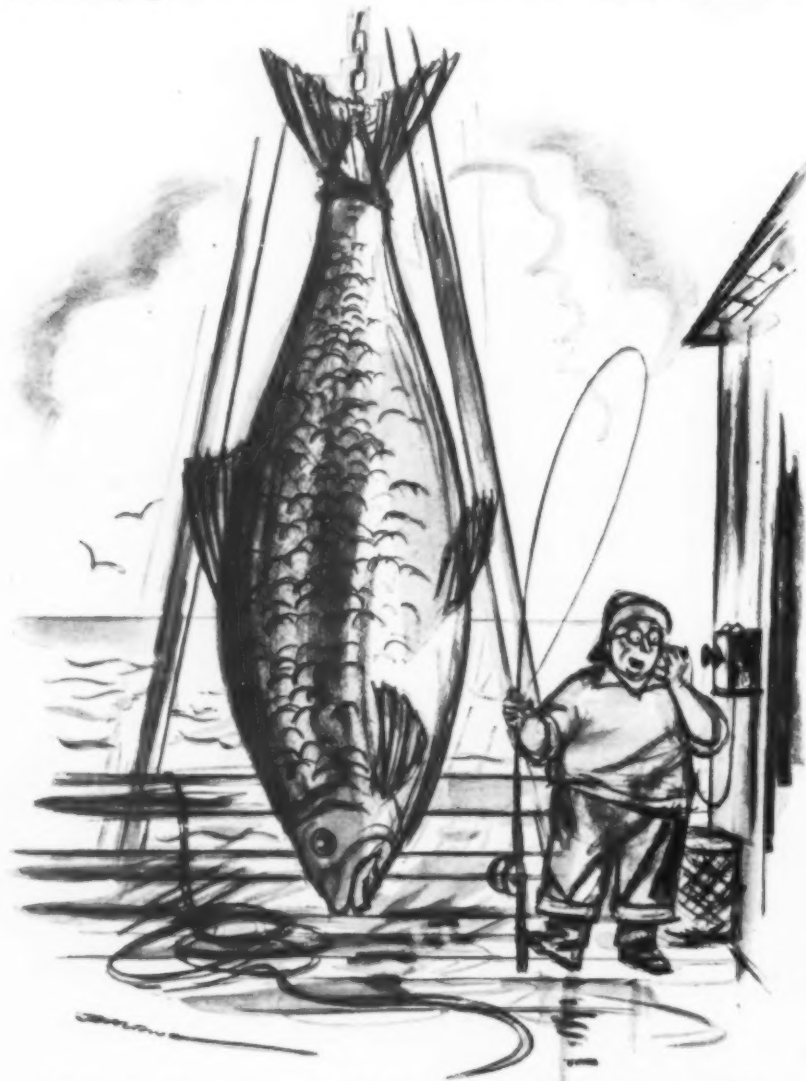
JUNE 12.—A beautiful morning in Westbury, so downstairs early, finding Granger Gaither and Mistress Hastings engaged in a fine confab about racing, in which it did come out that most frequenters of the tracks are more concerned with winning wagers than with improving the breed of horseflesh, and G., remarking how a great many of them are present for purely social reasons, told about a young woman who asked him for a match just after the horses broke in the Belmont Stakes. A discussion, moreover, to which I contributed naught, being famed as the girl who watched the race between Zev and Papyrus without identifying the one on which I

had placed a fair sized bet. But when the talk veered pleasantly to fiction, and characters therein who had endeared themselves to us, I championed Westley Keyts of "The Boss of Little Arcady" as my favorite, and was astonished that neither of my auditors had heard of him, the book in which he figures being the best that Harry Leon Wilson ever wrote, and a contribution to what the academicians call Americana which should earn him a niche in our laughable Hall of Fame. Westley was the town butcher, an honest soul who said too nearly what he meant to be of much value in any local proceedings which required diplomacy, an abstraction which was explained to

him as demanding an iron hand in a velvet glove, and who, when he had witnessed the disaster to himself and his fellow citizens after an instance of its employment, remarked that it looked more to him like "a hand of mush in a glove of the same". Copied down a quatrain which Mistress Hastings recited:

"Now I lay me down to sleep",
A little boy once said,
"If I should die before I wake,
How shall I know I'm dead?"

JUNE 13.—Woods in betimes, drawing my curtains and asking what I should like for breakfast, so, having an exotic morning appetite when I am in the country, I did tell her to add to my tray anything which struck her as extraordinary, and it turned out to be cold ham and English mustard, which I put on my toast and ate with a fine relish. Then, astonished to hear music floating up from the driveway, I did peer out my window and perceive Pete Bostwick in his new motor car which is equipped with a radio, so, banishing all animadversions on what God hath wrought, I did summon him to my presence, and we had a splendid gossip, Pete telling me about two friends of his who, having miscalculated the time it would take them to report without scandal at Princeton, were speeding at an unmentionable rate through the Holland Tunnel and were stopped by a policeman as they were about to emerge from it who made embarrassing inquiries as to their excessive haste, so one of the boys, thinking quickly, quoth, "Well, your signs say to keep a distance of seventy-five feet from the car ahead, and we haven't been able to catch up with it." And I was minded of Amy Lucas, who remarked to her chauffeur, "Of course if we go eighty miles an hour we are bound to get some place on time, only it will probably be hell." A great company for luncheon, and I sat next Bill Langley, who told me how his sister had been placed at a matinee behind a woman who complained bitterly about the performance and the outrage of having laid out so much money for the tickets, so that Edith, unable to bear the recriminations longer, did lean over to the imperfect stranger and say, "I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll go home."



"Hello, Myrtle, we're having fish for supper for the next few months."

Great Minds at Work



It is not because Capone is different that he takes the imagination: it is because he is so gorgeously and typically American.

—Katharine Fullerton Gernold.

I used to wonder where all the water from a stream went, as I stood and watched it scamper over its bed of rocks and sand or gravel. Now I know. All streams are forever hurrying to their outlets.

—George Matthew Adams.

Women as a class are inclined to be obstinate.

—Thomas A. Edison.

I've been in the game more than twenty-six years and never made a sex picture.

—Samuel Goldwyn.

It seems to me that a woman has a poor sense of values who puts a hardwood floor above her husband.

—Dorothy Dix.

If the earth were round, why the water would slip off.

—Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

When I was a boy I washed the windows in my father's store in Maine. When the clerks washed the windows they only washed the middle. When I washed them I cleaned up all the soap powder in the corners.

Those clerks are still in Maine.

—Rudy Vallee.

France has the best government in the world.

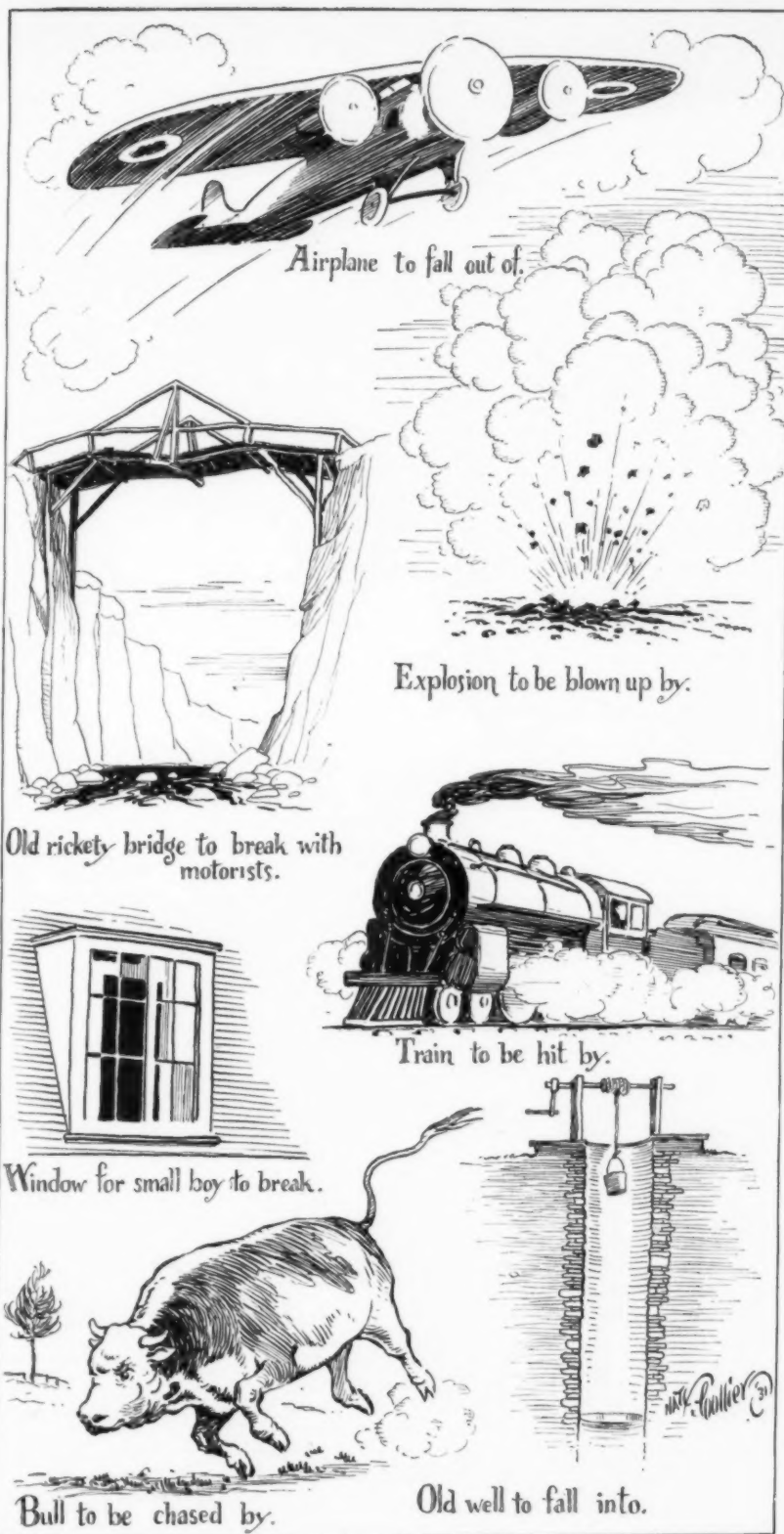
—Texas Guinan.

Matrimony is a serious business.

—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

After the advent of prohibition nine-tenths of the drunkenness in the United States disappeared.

—Commander Evangeline Booth.



Page from a comic artist's sketch book.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

That Democratic Nomination

POLITICAL tradition has it that the man way out in front a year—or even six months—before the conventions is never nominated. So strong has been the confidence in this tradition that until just recently none of the political wisecracks has been willing to concede Franklin D. Roosevelt a chance for the Democratic nomination.

Tradition also has it that no man not in the most robust health would even be considered for a presidential nomination. Yet leaders in state after state have been clambering aboard the Roosevelt bandwagon, apparently afraid that if they waited for the normal last minute trading—the last man aboard usually gets the most recognition afterward—they would be left out in the cold.

There is a less generally accepted tradition that a candidate for the Presidency has to have his own state solidly behind him. But Grover Cleveland rather upset that one, so the folks are not so much interested in rumors that Tammany may ditch its governor when its delegation gets to the convention city.

A roster of the leaders who have come out for Roosevelt's nomination already is rather interesting. Especially Thad Caraway, of Arkansas, winner, with monotonous regularity, of the "meanest man" tournaments held under the auspices of the United States Senate.

TWICE has Caraway declared that he is for the nomination of Roosevelt, each time adding: "after Joe Robinson." Counting these as two, that makes three times he has pulled the Brutus act on Robinson, though they are supposed to be good friends. The other time was when he kept making dirty cracks in Joe's ear at the Democratic National Committee meeting, finally goading Joe into making a rip snorting denunciation of Raskob, the liquor traffic, and pretty much everything else in sight.

If Caraway had made that speech himself, instead of goading Robinson into making it, Robinson today might be sitting pretty for the Democratic

nomination. He could have gone around with a long face, saying: "I wish Thad had been a little more temperate. It's too bad."

Which wouldn't have hurt Caraway any, for he had nothing to lose.

But Robinson had. He was the outstanding Dry candidate for the nomination. He had taken the curse off his dryness, so far as New York and the rest of the Northeast were concerned, by his fiery denunciation of religious intolerance, which led in fact to his nomination as Al Smith's running mate last time. Which in turn cemented his ties with the Irish Democracy of the Eastern cities.

So the situation was that if the Drys should actually win so many delegates to the next Democratic convention that no wet could be nominated, Robinson would be the logical compromise.

Mr. Caraway, therefore, did Roosevelt a tremendous service, first by goading Robinson into making an intemperate speech, and second by his statements that he was for Roosevelt AFTER Robinson. A real good booster in political maneuvering has no second choice.

BUT that Robinson speech virtually put the nomination in Roosevelt's lap. The only question from that moment on has been whether he can be tripped up before convention time. Since that episode he has so lengthened his lead that he could fall down, roll over a couple of times, and still be way out in front after he had shaken the dust off.

His supporters are now saying he can be nominated without New York—that he can muster a two thirds vote in the Democratic National Convention without a single one of New York's 94 delegates being for him. Privately they are saying he can be nominated with or without Al Smith. Which is certainly gall and wormwood to some of Al's kitchen cabinet. So it is not surprising that some of them are feeding out stories calculated to prevent the breach being healed.

But Smith and Roosevelt are old friends, so maybe neither will let the jealousy of their followers prevent a reconciliation.

Following the tradition started by the original T. R., that a member of his family should be appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy every so often, Franklin Roosevelt first became a figure in Washington under Woodrow Wilson.

A lieutenant to Josephus Daniels, it is interesting to recall now how he managed to escape all the criticism hurled at his chief, both by the big navy people and the Republican newspapers, and yet maintained utter loyalty. It is something for the Tammany boys now anxious to unhorse him to paste in their hats.

The only time the late Charles Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall, ever waltzed in public—certainly with another man—was in the aisles of the convention hall at San Francisco after Roosevelt's first speech nominating Al Smith for President. And the "Side-walks of New York" became Al's battle song. Roosevelt's second effort nominating Al, at Madison Square Garden, leaning on crutches and facing an audience at least half of which was bitterly hostile and crazed with religious fervor, is a classic of political history. The third time, at Houston, lacked drama because everything had been decided in advance.

FRIGHTENED by John J. Raskob, the Southern Dry leaders were driven into Roosevelt's outstretched arms at the national committee meeting. They realized after Joe Robinson's speech that the Northeast would never accept him, and turned to the only avowed Wet whom the folks down South seem willing to accept.

"Perhaps," one sarcastic wet observed, "because they think he does not really mean it."

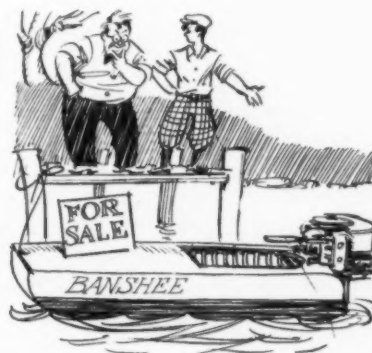
That, of course, is the other side of the Roosevelt picture. His critics charge, though their voices so far could scarcely be termed broadcasting, that most of his positions have been purely political. They think he went the limit for repeal for vote-getting purposes. They think his water power stand, with its maneuvering toward Norris and Pinchot, calculated as keeping him on a true course to the White House. And so on.

But if the primaries began this month instead of next January, it would surely be a walkover. And it may be anyhow.



The Spirit of '31.





Movies • by Harry Evans

"Night Angel"

IT isn't a pleasant job to criticise a man for trying to be original, but it must be done in this case. So first we will give Edmund Goulding credit for trying to do something different and in the same breath say we didn't like the result. Mr. Goulding wrote and directed "The Transgressor" and "Reaching For The Moon." The success of these films and other bits of Mr. Goulding's handiwork probably convinced Paramount that he should be allowed to indulge in a little originality if he wanted to. As a result of this lack of judgment they have a film which boasts an expert director, two of the screen's most capable performers, a proficient supporting cast, lots of acting and some trick photography that must have taken days of serious thought . . . everything, in fact, except a little intelligent simplicity. With less effort "Night Angel" might have been a fine picture.

Everybody works like mad. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March act all over the place—the cameraman drags his machine up to the balcony, down to the floor and into strange nooks and crannies—the electricians cast strange lights and shadows about and the carpenters produce set after set of Czecho-Slovakian scenery. You can always sense Mr. Goulding striving for atmosphere, a matter which should have been taken care of in the beginning. The original idea should have been given the air.

In spite of it all, Miss Carroll and Mr. March manage to get their heads above the atmosphere and create moments of dramatic interest by individual effort. Miss Carroll's duties are particularly trying as she is called upon to go through the most exacting sort of dramatics without the support of well conceived situations and convincing dialog. The manner in which she overpowers some of these difficulties by sheer personality and ability is a fine tribute to her skill as an emotional actress . . . and, as this department has contended for many months, Miss Carroll is a highly competent emotional actress.

Mr. March, like Miss Carroll, has so firmly established himself in recent films that his admirers will surely sym-

pathize with his efforts in this one. Two other members of the cast who deserve credit for their performances are Alison Skipworth and Alan Hale.

Well—maybe it is just one of those things. Mr. Goulding is too smart a producer to make the same mistakes again, and it is just as well that he got all of these hunches out of his system at once.

After "Tarnished Lady," "Vice Squad" and "Night Angel" Paramount should become a bit concerned about its story department.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"

THIS screen adaptation of the Peter B. Kyne novel brings us back again to that too-often dramatized phase of this precious little thing called love, namely: the affection of a white-skinned youth for a brown-skinned maiden. Despite the age of this situation, and the hackneyed routine of its exploitation, this film is more than usually interesting because of the performances of Leslie Howard and a strong supporting cast, and the capable direction by W. S. Van Dyke.

The story you all know. White man falls for South Sea Islander . . . deserts home . . . goes to islands . . . islands "get" him . . . finally redeemed by love of *white girl*. The difference in this one is that the native gal does not fawn all over her white boy friend from morning till night in an effort to hold him. She often goes out cavorting among the flowers, fruits and waterfalls with a handsome native boy friend, and when South Sea Islanders cavort they create grounds for divorce in anybody's state. This relieves a lot of the heartache in the closing chapter when Mr. Howard pulls himself together and returns to "his own kind."

The native girl is played by Conchita Montenegro. As long as we must have these naive, emotional children of nature taking off their clothes in drawing rooms and doing other cute, shocking things, Miss Montenegro fills the bill pretty well. She loves and hates with swell abandon, shakes her hips like a native and seems pretty much at home heaving her chest.

Another recent addition to the film ranks, a handsome lady named Karen

Morley, shows exceptional promise. Her one short coming is that she does not quite give the impression of chilly placidity that is supposed to be the outstanding characteristic as the *white girl*, and we want to be the first to congratulate her.

C. Aubrey Smith is excellent as Leslie's father.

You'll like this one, unless you are bored with the South Sea idea.

"Big Business Girl"

FIRST NATIONAL didn't spend much time on this picture, and neither should you. It is one of those stories about college life in America that provide material for the cracks our British cousins take at us about our national inability to absorb culture. However, the director might have forgotten at times that he was not making another gangster film. He probably made one the day before. This would excuse several little peculiarities in the dialog, such as Frank Albertson, who is a college boy, calling Ricardo Cortez a "mug."

Another explanation is that Frank does not want to be cultured, and says so. He wants to be an orchestra leader. We can thank Rudy Vallee for this condition among the youth of our colleges. After watching Frank's musical endeavors we think he should have been satisfied with the simpler purpose of being cultured. There are several scenes in a night club during which he is supposed to be conducting an orchestra. There is an orchestra present; there is music; and Frank goes through plenty of motions—but the motions are not even close to the tempo of the music. Maybe the orchestra was wrong. The simpler solution is that the music was put in after the film was made. The person responsible for the synchronizing was a very poor judge of distance.

Loretta Young is acceptable as the "Big Business Girl" who gets the job by showing her legs, and Ricardo Cortez is his usual smooth self as the big advertising man who uses Loretta as a "contact woman."

Advertising men and college students will find this film particularly annoying.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *sewing* with a *t* and get some pains.
- (2) Scramble *music* with an *e* and get an actor's error.
- (3) Scramble *swells* with an *a* and get the condition of our cities.
- (4) Scramble *ringer* with an *b* and get a fish for breakfast.
- (5) Scramble *quaint* with an *e* and get something quaint for a quaint price.

Answers on page 29

Very Fat Hitch-Hiker: How are the motorists treating you, buddy?

Skinny Hitch-Hiker: Oh, all right. How are the truck drivers treating you?

"The only advantage of the new 'balloon' balls," writes a golfer, "is that squirrels don't hide them for nuts." But we hear of a case in Georgia where one was stolen for a watermelon.



"Let's not go to this one, Emma, I'm sick of seeing gangster pictures."

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND



LAST year, about this time, we devoted the greater part of our first appeal for funds to telling the story of little "Jimmie." You may remember that this little boy first came to LIFE's Boys' Camp some seven years ago, having been sent there through your generosity. We told of just how and why he rose to a position of real importance in our Camp organization. A personality such as his, coupled with the fact that he was a good "bet," deserved following-up. So, through the kind offices of a few individuals, "Jimmie" was allowed to enter Brown University. He did well his Freshman year and still better his Sophomore year, which has just come to a close. He has taken a definite place among his fellow students. He has many good friends, he does well in his studies, and he sees benefits to be derived from participation in dramatics and athletics. He doesn't drink and he doesn't smoke. Before you gave him a helping hand by sending him to LIFE's Camp, he was a "reg'lar guy;" now he is a "regular fellow." There is a marked differentiation here, as you know.

And now, what will he do this Summer? Exactly this: Not without the aid of those interested in him, has he secured the position, or rather the opportunity, to tutor and prepare a

twelve year old boy for entrance into one of our best preparatory schools. The advantages of such an opportunity are quite obvious to you. It means that he will be privileged to associate with the very nicest kind of family—cultured and charming people. One cannot study in textbooks those things which he will learn and imbibe in this happy home. Just think what this Summer will mean to him!

AND why do we write all this? Simply to tell you what has been done for one particular individual by the generosity of the donors to LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND, and to ask you to please make it possible for other deserving boys and girls to enjoy the benefits which you have given to "Jimmie."

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-four years. In that time it has expended over \$582,000 and has provided 54,200 vacations for poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city.

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N. J.

LIFE is going to send more children to these Camps this year than ever before. We are out to break records for these youngsters—not in spite of the depression, but BECAUSE of it. Will you help?

A Petition to The United States Golf Association

(This page is printed for the use of golf players who wish to enter their individual protest against the new "balloon" ball. Tear it out and get the signatures of any of your friends—don't forget your own—who have given the new ball a fair trial and who wish to say to The United States Golf Association:)

WE BELIEVE THAT THE NEW BALL IS A FAILURE. WE VOTE
THAT THE OLD BALL BE RESTORED TO OFFICIAL STANDING

(Mail the signed petition to LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City. All petitions will be presented by LIFE to The United States Golf Association.)

This image shows a single page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper appears to be from a notebook or a standard ruled sheet of paper. There is no handwriting or other markings on the page.

(Reprints of this page will be mailed on request.)



THE WINNERS!

Here are the titles selected by LIFE's judges as the cleverest and most appropriate to the picture shown above:

FIRST PRIZE—one full set of matched irons—is won by

Harvey E. Yantis
118 South Sixth Street
Minneapolis, Minnesota

and the winner speaks his mind in verse, as follows:

ANOTHER NOBLE EXPERIMENT

The green is bright on yonder hill;
An easy three? You said it!
But not with this Volsteadian pill,
The Devil takes the credit.
My favorite shots this year are droll,
The game has gone to Hades.
The only kick's the nineteenth hole
And that is full of ladies!

SECOND PRIZE—one set of matched wooden clubs—is awarded to

John J. Philbin
213 St. Paul Place
Baltimore, Md.

for the title

GONE ARE THE GAY NINETIES

THIRD, FOURTH AND FIFTH PRIZES—one dozen golf balls each—are awarded with LIFE's best wishes to

Morgan J. Seaton
12823 Maiden Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

for the title

BIGGER AND BITTER

W. B. Schmidt
44 Empire Boulevard
Brooklyn, N. Y.

for the title

TUFFER FOR THE DUFFER

Robert Anderson
1316 North Eleventh Street
Superior, Wisconsin

for the title

BYE BYE BIRDIE

Winners in the contest closing July 1, will be announced in the issue of July 24.

Some Comments on Life's Golf Ball Campaign

Just shot a snappy two hundred with that so and so new golf ball.—J. S.

Just when the first faint glimmer of hope of breaking the old century mark began to glow on the far distant horizon the good old U. S. G. A. had to send my score soaring far faster than their old "balloon ball" ever will.

—W. F. K.

We have made an honest effort to see wisdom in the new ball decision by the U. S. G. A. After a fair test last fall and during this present season we see nothing in that decision but a mistake and the utmost arrogance in a small body of men in the U. S. forcing upon us a ball different from any other country upon the face of the globe.—N. P. L.

My chief reasons for wishing a return to the old ball is that the new ball is hard to control in even the slightest breeze. It is easily blown off line, accentuates a slice or hook and when it strikes the ground has little or no roll. It is not suitable for the shallow faced club and to keep it from riding the wind a deep face club is almost absolutely necessary. On the green it is freaky. It is susceptible to the grain of the green and is easily thrown off line. To hold the ball on line it has to be hit so hard that it strikes the back of the cup and bounces out.—M.S.

The ball was claimed to be designed to save our golf courses so that we would not have to build new ones for the long hitters. It seems to me that it has accomplished its purpose because we never play them any more. We are always in the traps.—C. R.

Octavus Roy Cohen Has His Say

To the United
States Golf
Association

Gentlemen:

I am decomposing this letter to you on the subject of your new balloon ball which is the most thing I don't like.

If you insist on inflicting this upon a hopeless, helpless public, why not equip each sphere with a parachute? It wouldn't help, but it would look pretty.

I used to boast proudly that nothing could make my golf game worse. Pride wenteth before a fall. My game grew so much worse that I abandoned it altogether, which is probably an excellent thing for

Mr. Cohen, as you doubtless know, is the outstanding writer of humorous Negro stories in America. When the United States Golf Association introduced the "balloon" ball, it set everyone to wondering about the Nigger in this Woodpile, so it is only natural that Mr. Cohen should be interested

golf, but rather tough on me.

I have been humbled and shamed by your new ball. Recently, at a tournament of the Artists & Writers Golf Association in Havana, I was playing a match with Charley Williams, the illustrator. Behind us stalked Frank Craven who looked down from his first flight pinnacle upon my partner and myself. We begged him to go through, but he wouldn't. He laughed ghoul-

ishly at our best shots, and chortled when we took tens and elevens on holes where we should have made eights and nines. And finally on the fourteenth tee, he caught us.

"What are you guys playing for," he inquired—"ten cents a hundred?"

And so it goes. With this new ball, one must play under obsolete rules: five yards in three downs. The day of the open game appears to have passed forever.

I am now playing tennis for recreation and exercise. It pleases me to realize that—no matter how violent the wind—I can still get direction and distance with a tennis ball.

—Octavus Roy Cohen.



The Egotist

"Conceit and selfishness, according to reports from a noted psychiatrist, are of prime importance in causing automobile accidents."
—Times News Item.

Motorcycle Policeman (arriving at scene of accident): Hey! What's all the shootin' about?

Mr. Brundle (nursing a swollen jaw): Why, I was driving along on the right side of the road, about 20 miles an hour, when this man smashed into me and knocked my car over the curb into this telegraph pole.

Policeman (turning to the accused): What's your story, Buddy?

Mr. Stensil (adjusting his tie): Well, I'll tell you, officer: I was driving down Colorado Boulevard, looking in all the store windows for a new straw hat, when, all of a sudden—

Policeman (aghast): In the thick of noontime traffic, and looking for a new straw hat!

Mr. Stensil (admiring his finger nails): Yeah. I look wonderful in a straw hat. In fact, this one I'm wearing isn't a bad looking job on me. Oh, well, as I always say, a man of my build can wear almost anything.

Policeman: Let's see your registration card and driving license.

Mr. Stensil: Here y'are, officer. The boss gave me that card case for having the highest sales of vacuum cleaners for the month of April. Paul Stensil—that's me. Heavy hitter in the Brussels Carpet League, where they used to lay 'em down and beat 'em out. Ha, ha! Get it, boys?

Mr. Brundle (inspecting damage to his machine): This fellow never even apologized for smashing in my rear end, officer, and when I told him he'd have to pay for it he just smiled and asked me how I liked his new pencil-striped shirt.

Mr. Stensil (throwing out his chest with a light laugh): Yeah—the girls all go ga-ga about my shirts and ties. But, say! Y'oughtta see my new patent leather shoes. I paid—

Policeman (looking daggers): Listen, Mister . . . do you realize you've made a total wreck of this gent's car?

Mr. Stensil: Well, quite likely. This car of mine is a special job. I can beat

anything on the road, and when I run into a man he knows something struck him. I'll bet I could have driven his spare tire right through to his radiator. I got an offer to go into the movies and double for—

Policeman (producing handcuffs): If you don't get two years for this I'll resign from the force.

Mr. Stensil: I tried to resign from our company once but the boss said: "Paul, the day you leave this company I'll have to go into bankruptcy."

Mr. Brundle: Who's got a handkerchief? My lip is bleeding.

Policeman (to Stensil): Give this man your handkerchief. He's cut.

Mr. Stensil (stepping back): What—lend him this one? Don't you realize my color scheme would be ruined without this dash of lavender? And get a load of the striking effect between the hanky and socks.

(The Policeman wields his stick several times with striking effect, and Mr. Stensil sinks to the pavement.)

Mr. Stensil (feebly): Quick, officer—for hev'n's sake—a comb—before someone sees me!

—Jack C. Nett.



"Ah, that speakeasy on 52nd Street. How I miss it!"

Life at Home



WASHINGTON, D. C.—S. L. Hilton, druggist, reports the analysis of a bottle of buttermilk. He found it contained 1.632 per cent of alcohol by volume, which makes it illegal beverage under the Volstead Act.

MEMPHIS—C. H. Burke, aged fifty, was arrested on the charge of having married five women within one year. He did all of his courting by mail. "I couldn't find any work to do," Burke explained, "so I went into this."

CHICAGO, ILL.—The president of an electric company announced that parents have discovered a new use for amplifiers. Loud speakers are installed over baby's crib so that father and mother may know junior's state of mind. In one apartment any yowls from the youngster will sound in every room. In a suburban home a direct wire leads to the home of a neighbor so that, should baby yell during a bridge game, next door, he will be heard. Another fond father has installed the telephone next to the loud speaker. If the parents are out shopping or something they phone home every so often. An automatic device lifts the receiver next to the crib. The parents listen, and if no cries are heard, they hang up and continue their shopping.

MENA, ARK.—Everett Wimberley was arrested for striking Grace Pipkin and Ernest Miller. He was fined fifteen dollars for striking the woman and twenty-five dollars for striking the man.

MONTEVIDEO—Alberto Wolkof, who would like to be an aviator, was wide awake and alive today

after an unusual experience with an airplane.

Wolkof walked in his sleep. He strode onto an airfield near his home, climbed into the cockpit still asleep and attempted to fly. He wrecked the machine before he could get it off the ground.

Mechanics who ran to the wrecked plane found Wolkof climbing out uninjured. He said he had dreamed he was an expert aviator.

NEW YORK—A twenty-five-year-old Australian applied at the New York University Medical College for a position as "laboratory material." He states he has been sick twenty years,



ANNOUNCER: Please bear with us a moment—the bird initiator just saw a bug!

having had "five attacks of pneumonia, concussion of the brain, meningitis, typhoid, three attacks of measles, and other maladies." At present he is suffering from "muscle bound condition, bronchitis, hemorrhage, catarrh, sleeping sickness, diplopia and the post-Parkinsonian syndrome."

quiyai bark and then given a beer bath. The bark is no good at all without the beer rinse. The results have been amazing and word of the discovery has spread rapidly in the American colony. Delicate garments, no matter how soiled, are made spotless without injury to the fabric.

And Abroad

HELSINGFORS, FINLAND—The Students' Temperance Society voted on the question of retention or repeal of the present Finnish dry law. Eighty per cent voted for repeal.

JUAREZ, MEX.—Authorities of Juarez, on the west side of the Rio Grande, have listed seven stages of drunkenness with correspondingly graduated fines, leveled principally against thirsty Americans. They are: 1, merely drunk; 2, scandalously drunk; 3, pickled enough to insult Mexicans; 4, dead drunk; 5, immorally drunk; 6, drunk enough to sneer at a policeman, and, 7, habitually intoxicated. From 5 to 40 pesos (\$2.50 to \$20) runs the scale of fines payable by tipsy defendants to the judge.

OTTAWA—A new law places a duty of fifteen cents a pound on magazines imported from the United States. Under this ruling, a Saturday Evening Post may have to retail for nearly fifty cents a copy in Canada.

SANTIAGO, CHILE—American women have discovered great merit in native beer. It is excellent for cleansing clothes.

Garments are first washed in a lather made of

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.

X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.

(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield.* \$3.00 (*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Plymouth.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller.* \$3.85 (X)—Philip Barry's play

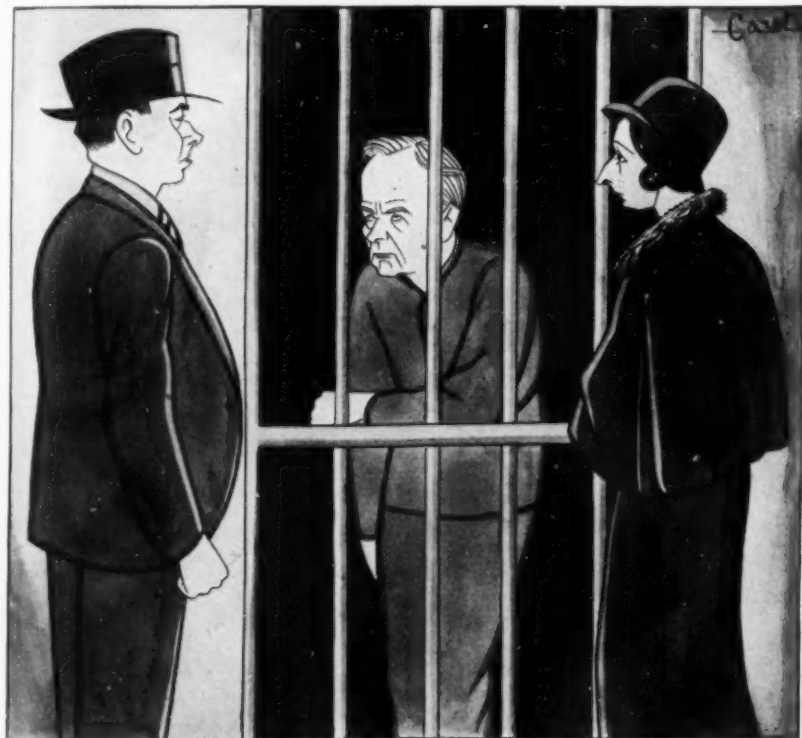
wherein a woman is made "complete" through motherhood. With Zita Johann and Herbert Marshall. Adults.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.00 (X)—The new principals, Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger, lack the adroit timing of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in handling the delightfully insincere lines—but it is still a very amusing show.

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85 (*)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

AS HUSBANDS GO. *John Golden.* \$3.00 (*)—Rachel Crothers' satisfactory comedy—the heady glamour of Paris lingers with two ladies on their return to Dubuque.

OLD MAN MURPHY. *Fulton.* \$3.00 (*)—Arthur Sinclair will give you more good laughs than you usually get from several comedies.



"PRECEDENT."

Clyde Franklyn, Royal Dana Tracey and Ellen Hall are the principals in a play based on the famous Mooney-Billings case of some years ago. You may remember some of the details. Just before America entered the World War a preparedness parade was being held in San Francisco when a bomb exploded killing a number of people. Mooney and Billings, two labor agitators, were arrested and convicted. They are now serving life sentences. Subsequent evidence has established a doubt as to whether or not the two men were guilty. "Precedent" presents a well-acted and highly impressive bit of propaganda on the case, graphically and intelligently depicting the possible events that may have led to Mooney and Billings being railroaded to prison.

MUSICAL

YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street.* \$4.40 (*)—Collegiate pep. Lou Holtz and Lyda Roberti furnish consistent amusement.

RHAPSODY IN BLACK. *Harris.* \$5.00 (*)—A negro revue in which the producers have had the good taste to restrict the performers to the type of entertaining they do best. Ethel Waters gives a fine performance without recourse to off-color lyrics. The chorus rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue" is a real thrill.

CRAZY QUILT. *44th Street.* \$4.40 (*)—Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy head this new Billy Rose revue—successor to "Sweet and Low." Phil and his heckler in the box continue to get loud guffaws.

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Because of his performance, we nominate Fred Astaire as the rightful successor to Jack Donohue. Get in if you can.

THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box.* \$5.50 (X)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe and Ernest Truex offer capable support.

RECORDS

VICTOR

"I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY" (*Crazy Quilt*)—A disc full of variety—offered by Waring's Pennsylvanians. Singing by The Three Waring Girls, Clare Hanlon and Chorus. *and*

"SING A LITTLE JINGLE" (*Crazy Quilt*)—Fred Waring again with his capable assistants.

"TO WHISPER, DEAR, I LOVE YOU" *and* "WHY SHOULDN'T I"—Two lighthearted, harmless bits of sentiment with appropriate score and interpretation by Gus Arnheim and His Coconut Grove Orchestra.

"WHEN THE SHEPHERD LEADS THE SHEEP BACK HOME" *and*

"YOO-HOO-HOO I'LL CALL TO YOU, UNDER YOUR WINDOW TONIGHT"—Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra. Mel-low horn combinations, and the concertina is used to advantage. Chick Bullock and Paul Small each do a chorus.

"SITTING ON A FIVE-BARRED GATE"—Jack Hylton and His Orchestra recorded this in Europe. Simple but effective and we predict its popularity. A sax solo chorus is one of the attractive features. *and*

"IF YOU CAN'T SING, WHISTLE"—Jack provides evidence that the whistling craze is universal. A cheerful presentation. Both sides are recommended.

"SUGAR BLUES"—Blanche Calloway and Her Joy Boys in a typical blues exhortation. William Massey wails the chorus and Clarence Smith wabs wabs on the trumpet. *and*

"JUST A CRAZY SONG"—Blanche directs and also sings the refrain to this goofy composition.

(Continued on page 29)



BEGINNING
NEXT WEEK IN
LIFE!

Exclusive articles by
ELY CULBERTSON
on
CONTRACT BRIDGE

Mr. CULBERTSON is not only the world's foremost player of contract bridge—winner of the famous Vanderbilt Cup and many other trophies—but he is everywhere recognized as the leading analyst and teacher of the game today. The Culbertson system has definitely out-dated all other methods of bidding and play in contract bridge, and LIFE now takes the greatest pleasure in offering its readers exclusive weekly articles by the master of all players and the greatest of all teachers—Mr. Ely Culbertson.



The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, July 2, 1908

The Fourth in our Village



Life

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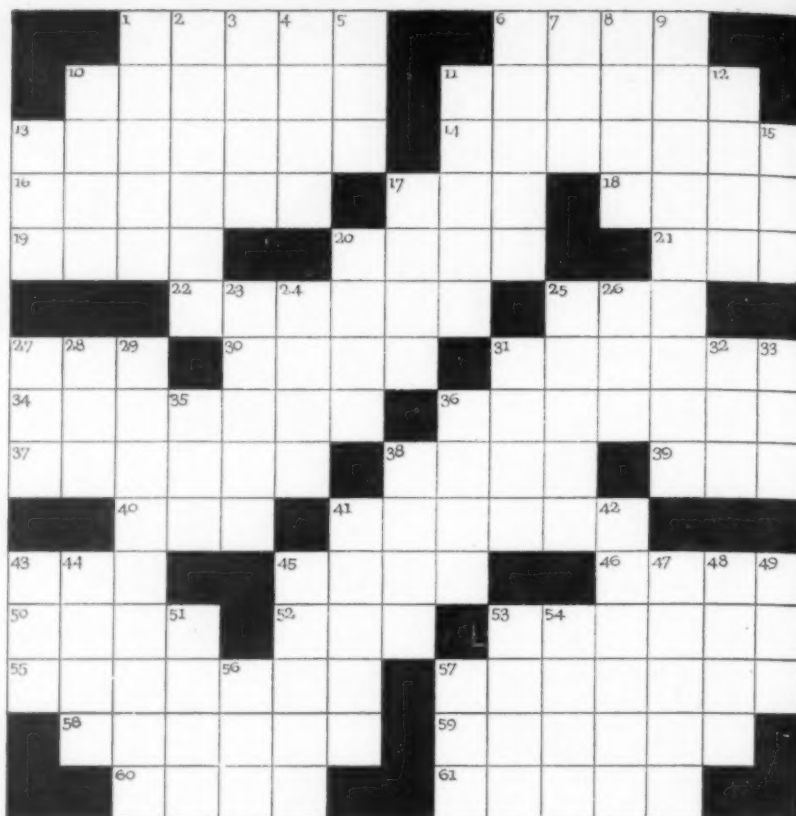
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Solution of June 26 Puzzle

C	A	S	T	S	G	Y	P	S	P	A	R	K
A	N	T	I	C	R	A	Y	T	A	L	O	N
V	I	R	E	O	A	P	R	A	R	O	S	E
E	L	A	T	O	N	E	S	T	N	E	E	
S	E	W	S	A	D	D	P	I	P	E	S	
A	S	K	E	D	U	C	E					
S	H	A	C	K	N	O	R	W	A	N	T	
A	I	L	Y	A	M	E	T	A	R	I	O	
P	E	T	S	L	A	W	W	I	T	T	Y	
T	R	I	P	E	A	L	L					
M	A	Y	A	N	B	A	G	L	I	C	K	
P	A	N	P	E	G	P	E	N	R	A	N	
E	N	N	U	I	A	S	P	I	N	A	N	E
A	G	A	T	E	M	I	L	P	E	D	A	L
L	O	S	E	R	S	P	Y	S	W	E	L	L

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Look at.
6. Baby sleeps!
10. Musical instruments.
11. A villain of the old school.
13. Lightweight.
14. This is full of high spirits.
16. This makes you mad.
17. This is full of hops.
18. Ragged.
19. Just think!
20. Just desserts.
21. This is on every woman's lips.
22. Anybody can draw these.
25. A fish.
27. A high mountain.
30. A big pitcher.
31. This is all arranged.
34. These have their good points.
36. Choral composition.
37. Chair coverings.
38. Wise men of the East.
39. This has teeth, but never a toothache.
40. A place to stop.
41. Straight.
43. This animal takes bread and mustard.
45. The troubles of parents.
46. Patron saint of sailors.
50. These hear it all.
52. Where business has gone.
53. This man is mad.
55. This comes ashore.
57. The girl who started a lot of trouble.
58. If you shoot these you're lucky.
59. Very concentrated.
60. What a business letter should be.
61. These lord it over everything.

DOWN

1. A little toast.
2. Indian tribal symbols.
3. Wing shaped.
4. These are all butt.
5. A worm.
6. These are kept by Lucy Stoners.
7. Every girl likes to have this around her.
8. This makes a play.
9. Alphonso left these in Spain.
10. A weather reporter.
11. Speaking of depressions.
12. This goes around motoring.
13. This isn't very good.
15. Conjunction.
17. The maple tree.
20. Caesar's bad days.
23. Paris went wild over her.
24. What Mussolini does to his subjects.
25. A pick up.
26. Pictures on a wall.
27. This is a little buggy.
28. Necklaces in Hawaii.
29. A dog's life (Pl.)
31. A wise baby.
32. This is Greek to us.
33. First name Marjorie.
35. Just another racket.
36. These go by Trolley.
38. They make good money here.
41. These have their ins and outs.
42. Pretty soft.
43. Just a little bud.
44. You have to pull these to get ahead.
45. All tired out.
47. These run wild.
48. Market.
49. A vegetable.
51. Keep it!
53. Horsehair.
54. You have to put up with this.
56. To know.
57. Spot on a card.

Groggy?



**for
digestion**

IT'S so easy to eat too much for lunch! Digestion slows up and then you feel listless, logy, drowsy.

But why lose an afternoon? Just chew Beeman's — the pepsin gum. It aids digestion because it was developed by Dr. Beeman for that very purpose.

And for that purpose no less than for its smooth and flavorful goodness, millions have favored this delicious gum through more than 30 years. Next time you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 25)

SHEET MUSIC

"Dancing In The Dark," and
"New Sun In The Sky," and
"High And Low" (*The Band Wagon*)
"Have You Forgotten" (*No show*)
"Yes Or No" (*No show*)
"I'm Making Faces At The Man In The
Moon Cause He Hasn't Done Right By
Me" (*No show*)
"It's A Long Time Between Kisses" (*No
show*)
"I'm Thru With Love" (*No show*)
"Falling In Love," and
"When Yuba Plays His Tuba," and
"You Might As Well Pretend" (*The Third
Little Show*)

"How did you get to know your second husband?"

"Oh, it was most romantic. He ran over my first in his car."

—*Outspan.*

A lady-novelist warns parents that it is useless to conceal their failings, as their children are bound to find them out in a few years. Still, our feeling is that it should be broken very gently to the little ones that Mother writes novels.

—*Punch.*

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Answers to Anagrams

on page 19

- (1) Twinges.
- (2) Miscue.
- (3) Lawless.
- (4) Herring.
- (5) Antique.



PSYCHOANALYST: Don't try to think madam, just tell me what's in your mind.



Sankaty Head Lighthouse, on the east end of Nantucket Island. Established 1850.

Bleak dunes and gray seas only emphasize the rugged character of the light. Rich flavor and fine aroma set off the friendly mellow character of

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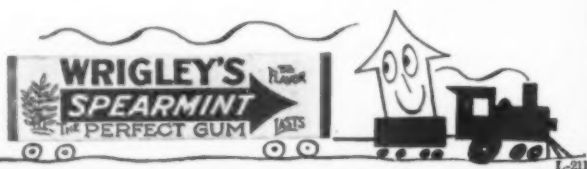


Oh, I have
some
Wrigley's



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LIFE IN SOCIETY



CALAMITY JANE.

Miss Laura Shivley snapped as she broke the Annandale Country Club surf-casting record with a total heave of 271 feet, 9 inches. However, she was later disqualified for reeling in a kippered herring, named Mish Kester.

Mrs. Townsend Wethercut of New Haven will give a tea today for the wives of English instructors at Yale. Tomorrow she will serve beer to the wives of German instructors.

The Sheffield Cottage in Newport is in readiness for Mr. and Mrs. Daniel A. Conway, and the Barnyard is being prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Dennis J. LeRoy.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bryce Jacques have arrived at their Summer home, Rope's End.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Town Kibby have left 1,250 Fifth Avenue for Lenox where they will remain until July 4, when they will go by rocket to their summer home in Nantucket.

Hjalmer Stephenson and Hjohn R. Hjeckel left by plane from Ingalls Field for New Hjersey.

Miss Helen Thaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Thaw of Glen Ridge, who will wed Seymour Funk in August, was the guest of honor at a bridge given by Miss Betty Warner of Pine Orchard, who will wed Seymour Funk in July.

—Jack Cluett.

"THE GOLDEN PHEASANT"



"Small Blacks"

Famous, delicious California coffee flavored toffee. Minimum sugar content.

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Great with bridge... lowers your golf score... keeps children happy. If your dealer can't supply you, send ten cents for generous trial package.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

And then there is the story, now going the rounds, of the midget gangster who double crossed his pals and, as a result, was put "on the speck."

—Russell Crouse in the *New York Evening Post*.



"Quick, Henry! The Flit!" (Advt.)

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-four years. In that time it has expended over \$582,000 and has provided more than 54,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N.J.

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REVOLT AGAINST NEW GOLF BALL GROWING

STILL SELLING OUTLAWED SPHERE

By Nan O'Reilly.

This week the magazine, *Life*, lays aside its mantle of humor and fun, and strikes a serious note anent the new ball, for Mr. John Bogey Dubb, Esq. After all it may be ridicule that will bring the United States Golf Association to its senses about the ball question.

Who knows but that the shot fired by Clair Maxwell in this week's issue of *Life* will be one that will reverberate across the Bunkered Hills of our golfing world? A new nation of golfers may have arisen ere the smoke of battle clears away.

That some man has power enough to sit behind his bunkers in Pittsburgh and cast the die that has moulded the new form of torture in golf, passeth all understanding. But ridiculous as it seems, it is true, and the old ball is now a cast-off, a throwback to the lost loves of a glorious past.

Little did it concern Bill Fownes that there would be in the lockers and bags of some three million odd golfers in America at least forty million rubber-cores on Jan. 1 of this year! This means in actual dollars and cents investment of about thirty million dollars in real money. Oh, no, there isn't any depression; business is booming and there's nothing wrong. Not much!

New Ball Spurned

But the beacon light of hope is burning—faintly and spasmodically—but burning just the same, with the fire of revolt. An official of the Metropolitan Golf Association is placed in the anomalous position of having the members of his own club in Jersey refuse to play the new ball.

At one of the leading Westchester clubs, where the members have two real championship courses, the golfers tear down the U. S. G. A. notice as fast as it is posted, and the professional, in self-defense, is stocking the old rubber-core

Out West the action is more concerted. The official magazine

NEW YORK Herald Tribune



Friday, May 22, 1931

Golf Scores Going Up

After a few weeks of play with the larger and lighter golf ball the talk at the nineteenth hole seems to be mostly against it. The crack players have not been grumbling much, for they could afford a slight cut in the yardage of their long shots; their scores are about as low with the "balloon" ball as before. But the average golfer and worse on courses of standard length cannot give away yards and ever hope to reach the green on a long hole in par. The new ball has set him back as effectively as if every hole were lengthened. That is one heartbreak. Another is the added terror the light ball lends to the slice, the duffer's mortal enemy. A slice with the new ball when a cross wind is blowing from left to right is perdition. On the putting green the ball is not so vicious, but it is whimsical, rimming, skipping and hopping out of the hole with careless levity.

If the rank and file of golfers are in the mood for rebellion they have a chance to express themselves in petitions posted by various clubs for abandonment of the United States Golf Association's standard ball experiment. An immediate uprising would be serious for the American manufacturers, whose plants are producing the new balls exclusively. But revolt is in the air. "*Life*" has addressed a sprightly but anguished letter to the U. S. G. A. informing the association that its ball is a failure, saying "It was a disappointment in May; it will be hated in June, and by July it will be a tyranny. You have literally commanded the player who worked and slaved for years to break 90, to work and slave quite a bit harder to break 100." These are grave charges, incendiary thoughts for the slaves of the links thou Spartacus.

of the Oregon Golf Association, representing the men's, the women's, and the professional associations of the state, has just voiced its protests over the latest crime of the U. S. G. A.

"Just who is the U. S. G. A. making rules and regulations for, the professionals or the average players who are putting up the money to keep the courses going?" is the pertinent query asked in Oregon. "It is about time the U. S. G. A. got off its high horse and used a little common sense, if it is to retain the respect and co-operation of the golf players it is supposed to represent."

Both of these
Articles
Ran into two
Columns

Boston Evening Transcript

Tuesday, May 19, 1931

Life Takes Up Cudgels Against New Golf Ball

Addresses an Open Letter to
U. S. G. A. on the Larger
and Lighter

Petitions Around

Woodland, Belmont and Other
Clubs Sounding Sentiment
of Members

By A. Linde Fowler

Life, the magazine which devotes itself to anything it sees fit, has taken up cudgels against the new standard larger and lighter golf ball. It has addressed an open letter to the United States Golf Association, as follows:

Gentlemen—We address this letter to you with every reasonable assurance that it represents the opinions and wishes of the great majority of golfers in this country.

Being very much interested in anything affecting the enjoyment of several million earnest and devoted sportsmen, we believe our representation on their behalf should claim your serious attention.

For a month or two now the rollers of the fairway have been knocking your new ball around. The greatest body of rule-obeyers in our land have humbly accepted this newest noble experiment and they are working loyally at it. They are thwacking it mightily into the toughest gale, watching it hover and dip and rise again, often to soar away like a homing bird into the trees to some unplayable nest. They are putting it diligently at the cup, diligently and boldly—boy she's in!—oop—a curl and a flip and out pops Big Boy for another try.



Why more than a million read • Life •

Another chuckling crusade
makes NEWS!!

AS USUAL, the American press stands solidly behind Life. This time it's the new "balloon" golf ball. Yesterday it was the Ticket Scalper—the day before yesterday it was Prohibition. There's always something doing in Life.

● Life is fun! And back of Life's laughter is a bit of fun-tinctured seriousness—a newsy digest of the day's liveliest issues—a running fire of light-hearted comment on the strange customs and habits of the American people (including yourself).

● Take this new golf ball, for example. Protest cards are pouring in to Life's office from the nation's 5,648 golf clubs! Life's Open Letter to the U. S. G. A. (in the May 22nd issue) and Sykes' cartoon pulled 1,273 Contest Titles in the first mail! Life will continue this chuckling crusade with amusing letters and acid-etched cartoons by leading humorists and artists.

● JUST ANOTHER REASON WHY

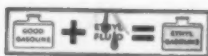
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who are alive to everything that LIFE brings them each week.



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